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The truth is, the war spirit is on the decline. The spirit of Christianity and of civilization is peaceful. If it were not for the professional fighters, who make a trade of war, and for the barbarous love of conquest, injustice and dominion, of which some remains exist, the business of war would be regarded by the civilized world in its true and odious colors. The way to avoid wars is, not to increase the number of those whose *private* interests are opposed to peace, but to cultivate a spirit of equity and wisdom, by avoiding entangling alliances with foreign states, and pursuing a plain, simple and majestic course of kindness, truth and justice in all our political conduct and relations.

*

Alexandria, D. C.

Thoughts on passing West Point, July 14, 1845.

How calm, how beautiful it lies
 Beneath these sunny summer skies!
 Amid whose changing shade or light,
 The deep ravine, the wooded height,
 Softly sublime, through hill and dell
 Alternate gently sink or swell,
 Mirrored in faithful life below
 On the transparent river's flow.
 Where Nature's voice points thought above,
 And speaks tranquillity and love,
 Can earthly strife or jar intrude
 To mar the spirit's happy mood?
 Ah! meet would seem, in scenes like these,
 Hymns, altars, to the God of Peace!

Yet here, in scenes like these, are found
 Far other sights, far other sound.
 Amid these hills the cannon roars,
 The martial clarion's music pours;
 And here profanely doth come
 The soldier's step, the rolling drum;
 Here daily moves the measured tread,
 As on the plain where hosts have bled;
 Here practised hands fierce weapons wield,
 Rehearsing for the battle-field;
 Here glittering swords flash bright and high,
 Here gleams the bayonet in the sky;
 And here grows he whom God made "good,"
 A workman trained to deeds of blood.

I turned away, and hid the woe
 None near me might have cared to know,
 Which bowed, as in the dust, my soul,
 For ills 'twas powerless to control.
 Silent went up the lonely prayer
 (I could not ask one heart to share),
 How long, how long, Almighty Lord,
 Tarrieth the vict'ry of thy word?
 O, send thy light, and truth, and love,
 To break, resistless, from above!
 Earth's jealous, jarring nations bring
 Beneath thy white-robed angel's wing;
 Bind them with bonds no foe may sever,
 Forbid "the sword to slay for ever!"

A. W. M.